

GEORGE'S COFFEE HOUSE.

A
P O E M.

— *Arma virumque cano.* VIRG.

L O N D O N :

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and Mrs. COOK, at the *Royal Exchange.* 1761.

(Price One Shilling.)

Where may be had the King of PRUSSIA's Letter to his
Friend MAUPERTUIS.

17464.223

GEORGE'S



COFFEE HOUSE

Michelson fund

PRELIMINARY

REPORT

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE
PROGRESS OF THE WORK DURING
THE YEAR 1932

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P R E F A C E.

Know many men in the world who are
I immediately prejudic'd against a work if
it appears abroad without a *Preface*; nor
will they peruse the sheets, till they have read a
pompous dedication, or a prefatory preamble twice
as long as the work itself.

FIRST, they must know the design of the AUTHOR;
how he came to undertake the subject; where the
MUSE first inspir'd; whether walking, riding, sail-
ing, or setting; in Town or Country; by the side
of a murmuring rill; or in the clouds of the fumi-
gating Sons of *Mundungus*. — In this, I fear I shall
disappoint many such my readers, being rather
modish, than explanatory — for no Person can be

31.230
13

so ill-naturedly cruel, as to accuse me of having no *Preface* at all.

My Jade of PARNASSUS has level^d at no particulars; if one's pleas'd, and another benefits from her *Chanson*, she's highly rewarded for her Journey; and the same hackney ~~Pedestus~~ that brought her from the limpid spring of HELICON, will jogg her back again, without the wish of a feed from your terrestrial livery stables:— and suppose, ~~she rubs~~ ^{is rub'd} her back on her return, through the badness of her seat or saddle — it's your business not to touch — for a gaul'd horse will winch.

As for the name of the Author, his birth, residence, or employ, is very immaterial.— His MUSE was a scullery *Wench* in the Kitchen of the wits of King CHARLES the Second; but when ROSCOMMON, ^{Borret, Denham} ~~BUCKINGHAM~~ and WILMOT, withdrew behind the Curtain, she made her exit in the mob of their Caravan, and hired herself as ^a house *Maid* in the family of the HELICONIDES; where, she long liv'd

P R E F A C E.

v

liv'd a most laborious life, ^{In} ~~till in~~ my pilgrimage up to MECCA, I pass'd near the place of her abode, to lave in the CASTALIAN spring, where I first discover'd, and most Donquixotly fell in love with her rosy cheeks, jetty locks, and innocent graces — and for to elope with her my INDAMORA, *doux Fille de joye* ^J ~~exercis'd an art, or rather an innate talent (peculiar to a County of this realm)~~ stole an hackney Pegasus of the family's — and brought my CLIO off. — Other particulars relative to her and myself you'll excuse, but if you're a Buck of the Turf, the pedigree of ~~the~~ PALFREY may be agreeable.

Young PEGASUS was got by ORONTOPHITUS, belonging to the tutelar Saint of England, on which the Champion slew the fiery dragon; his Dam PANSOPHIA, that beat the famous *Veni, vidi, vici*, Mare of Julius Cæsar's; his grand Sire BUCEPHALUS, his master Alexander of Macedon, who with him beat the globe, and at his death, built the City *Bucephala*, near Hydaspes, to his memory.

His

— His grand Dam LAIS that won immense sums at Corinth — His great grand Sire BELLEROPHONTISIBUS, which Bellerophon run against the *Chimææ*, and beat hollow — His great grand Dam SEMIRAMIS, that distanc'd the *Persian Cyrus* on the plains of *Persepolis* — His great, great grand Sire BOSPORUS, run against time in the *Via Lactis* — but Jupiter betting considerably against him, sent a gad fly to sting him, and threw his rider — His great, great, grand Dam, after winning many plates, was the principal Hunter in ACTÆON's stables — His great, great, grand Sire, the off Stallion in PHAETON's car — His great, great, great grand Dam AVIS, that won a flying match against *Priam* of *Troy* — His great, great, great, great grand Sire PEGASUS VOLATUS, generated from the blood of MEDUSA, and for his swiftness was made a constellation:

PEGASUS *cæthere summo veloces agitat pennis, & sidere gaudet.* /e

For every generous mind must agree, nothing's so necessary as a Latin sentence — nor can it be justly
 I stil'd

P R E F A C E.

vii

stil'd a *Preface* without it.—but to convince the world; how cautious I am of offending — give me leave to say with the only Poet of the age —

“ Great are his perils in this stormy time,
“ Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme,
“ Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
“ And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below.
“ Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends,
“ He hurts me most who lavishly commends.

~~G. CHURCHILL.~~

~~From my moving Villa
of Sans Souci.~~

~~The AUTHOR;~~



Build a Pyrexia without it — but to convince the
world; how cautious I am of offending — give me
leave to say with the only Poet of the age —

“ Great are his perils in this stormy time,
“ Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme,
“ Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
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C. Churchill.

The AUTHOR

From my moving Villa
of Sans Souci.





GEORGE'S COFFEE HOUSE.

Arma vitumque cano.



RMS, and the Men I sing — the Men of war
Who pay their teasfers at the Widow's bar;
Not that my Muse to any means offence,
Unless they bilk th'old Lady of her pence;
If such a thing there is, or has been done,

~~The crimes so great, that Satyr can't be dumb:~~

Yet such a thought my Muse scarce entertains:

Can it be want of pocket, pray, or brains?

For surely those who crowd that gloomy Place,

(Whose cloaths like Birth-day BEAUX, are spread with lace)

Can ne'er be guilty of that bilking crime;

Than she means harm, in this her harmless rhyme;

B

For

*I suppose, I need not tell you for whence I have taken my
matter*

For CLIO knows, and she can only tell,
 Oft there she mus'd when tongues supply'd a bell;
 And if you'll credit but a Muse's words,
 They bawl'd so loud — she always thought them LORDS —
 And what confirm'd her in this shallow case,
 Was to see Men, bedizen'd so with lace:
 She hopes the BEAUTIES who frequent that house
~~Will pardon her, for she's an harmless mouse;~~
 Long, long, she wander'd round this dirty town
 For a bare subject to pick up a crown;
 Read ev'ry shop, and 'most ev'ry CANTO, *almost*
 From witty CHURCHILL to the SCOTCH PORTMANTEAU.
 Here in large letters, which oft' made her smile,
 Star'd TRUTH in RHYME, and there the soft BELLISLE.
 Next came the MINOR — Wilkinfon'd and stale,
 Then th'ANTI-ROSCIAD without head or tail.
 Near VIC^{for}'s history, with occasional notes, *written*
~~Crowded with dry theatrie anecdotes;~~
~~Nay what is more, with Irishisms full,~~
~~And to kill all, tautologically dull.~~
 There the APOLOGY unequall'd shines,
 And his soft Muse contemning CRITICKS dines.
 Here poor RELIGION, rests on ROBSON's Pſalms,
 There TARRATARIA frights with mad alarms.
 High on a string, and ~~stir'd in~~ *bound with* dirty blue,
 Hung the pedantick, ~~monthly~~ *critical* ~~mean~~ REVIEW,
 Like a cag'd Mag-pye let the witling prate,
 He'll starve for corn, he scatters thro' the grate. —
 Lo! read by all, and direful to tell,
 Glar'd the untimely death of poor Miss BELL:

Here

** various books published in 1761.*

Here a Divine presents his HYMN to HOPE,
There ELOISA's letters — not by POPE.

Next ~~My~~ OAKLEY in the JEALOUS WIFE,

th agoood

~~Adds to a piece of true domestick life~~

little Colman &

Had/ such great Actors with poor MACKLIN/ been,

Might he not, think you, left the secret Screen?

There in a corner, hardly read by three,

Peep'd a translation from the SANS SOUCI.

~~Here, an affair periodically dull,~~

Without a time ~~with~~ the Moon in full.

She peep'd about, and really much surpriz'd,

Still no CHURCHILLIAD — so long advertiz'd,

A prudent Author, and a Wit recluse,

To keep in Embryo — the Mountain Mouse.

May a poor Muse attempt to say, or sing,

Dull FLORA, why! address so wise a King.

FIZGIG's a thief, a murd'rer, in this case

He's kill'd a Monkey — nay and stole his face;

Suppose it's fashion — why? filch CHURCHILLS AD?

~~Eye! rob a Wit, to cloath a Dunce that's read.~~

Here large black letters moan RICHARDI NASH,

There pious PENTECOST — Parnassian trash;

and

But to allure each walking Jackadandy,

The yawning frontispiece of TRISTRAM SHANDY.

THE more she fought the greater was her loss

From Aldgate-bars to CHARLES at Charing-cross;

But this alone did not, alas! suffice,

~~In ev'ry Coffee-house she employ'd her eyes:~~

In coffee-houses too she used her eyes:

B²

Sunk

(4)

Sunk down to JONATHAN'S ^{amidst} ~~among~~ the stocks,
But found too dull a Sameness in their blocks:
If ought seem'd consequential, wife, or new,
It was, some plodding, dirty bearded Jew:
Who with his finger on his lip, stood mute
Awhile, and then declar'd he'd seen Lord B^{TE};
A Congress must be — and the DUTCH that chance,
Bussy's arriv'd — HANS STANLEY's gone to FRANCE.
The Bait went down, the Buz[?] soon general grows,
And seventy dead — to ninety-two arose:
One hour ~~expir'd~~ dispels all foggy fears, *at last*
And GIDEON grins at felling off his bears.

LOYD's the next object of her city theme,
Where underwriters o'er their coffee dream.
Dead in a crowd of mercenary Bears
She sat, attentive to their Sea affairs,
Till one broke silence ~~sublime~~ with cares.
From BELLISLE, ~~Hodgeson~~ is repuls'd they say;
How shall we this prodigious charge defray?
~~Had I been there, I'd took it in a day.~~
~~Thus rant the Heroes of Plebeian pen,~~
~~Who if more silent, might be deem'd more men.—~~
A Cit roll'd in, with pork, and porter big,
Hid like a Lady-Lobster in his wig;
A Draper — always at his prayers, or pipe,
Abroad a grumbler — and at home a gripe.
To him one prop'd as impudent, as dull,
Bawling,—why Sir, you'll not insure from HULL!

He

He answer'd nought—but turn'd upon his toe,
Hung his moist lip—and waddl'd—to and fro.

To the JERUSALEM[?], o'er the Pavement next
She skim'd away—and NABOB CLIVE her text;
Small here the stir, few objects for a theme,
Unless my Muse, a guinea-pig had been.—
Poor Girl she over piles of LEDGERS wept,
Then quite dejected thro' CHANGE ALLEY crept—;
Until she reach'd, that Fabrick of plumb cake,
Where hoggish Sons of Custard annual rake, *city*
She soon reviv'd—the wing as soon assum'd,
And o'er the TRAYTORS heads, elated plum'd;
Then sunk gradatim to St. CLEMENT's wall,
At her beloved SOMERSET to call;
There a droll groupe presented to her view,
Cit, Soldier, Lawyer, Parson, Sailor, Jew,
But for a poem, this medley would not do.
What her attention chiefly drew aside
Were prentic'd Prigs—who rare a buttock eyed,
Stuff'd into boxes in their Sabbath cloaths,
With busby Bobs—true mark of Counter Beaux;
Who for the day had ruralizing been,
In alehouse windows—merely to be seen,
At Stepney, Chelsea, Red Caps or the Hill*,
Where all they'd spent, and yet without their fill:
Where should they come then to supply their wants
But here?—where beef kind EDMONDS gratis grants.

* Hampstead or Highgate.

A filky Doctor then she glided down,
 And soar'd to TOM's (where first your HONOUR'S thrown) *known*;
 Bett on the BARON, found she was not right,
 The GOV'NER holding all the cards ~~so~~ ^{that} night —
 Then ~~chang'd~~ the bett, and on a four foot Buck
 Against a COAN of seven, she try'd her luck;
 Doubtless the former must have had the game,
 But he kept praising of his constant flame,
 Or raving loud, theatrically spout,
 "Ye Gods! such hair — it's shocking to come out;
 "Or softly warbling some Italick strain,
Thump his dear crow — then *dimning* — yield the game.
 It vext her fore, to think a Muse's skull
 Should bett good money ~~on an head so dull~~
 Enrag'd at which, she out the window flew,
 Titt'ring to think she'd bilk'd the little Jew.
 Straight to ST. PAUL's, she bent her rapid flight,
 All growing duller at th'approach of night;
 There snug she sat, all seeing, and unseen,
 Reflecting where to go, and where she'd been;
 At last the BEDFORD fill'd her anxious head —
 So from the Church to the PIAZZA's sped.
 Awhile in cloister'd flights she kept the plume,
 And with an Author pop'd into the Room —.
 Here she beheld, a low, odd motley crew,
 Criticks, Clowns, Poets, Fiddlers, Painters too,
 Pimps, Players, Gamblers, Whitfieldites, and Turks,
 Sprung from the O'NEALES, M'DUGGL's and the BURKS. *10*
 Pale here the MIMIC turn'd, if what he'd said,
 Amongst his nonsense, touch'd the man in Red,

Here

~~Here he repairs poor witing for to see~~
~~The fate of infant modern TRAGEDY;~~
~~Now that he wish'd that PROVIDENCE was dead,~~
~~For age trots on, and he may want his bread.~~
 HOGARTH here creeps sometimes, to steal a sneer,
 And COLTMAN jealous of his wife to hear,
 Nay poor his'd JACKSON from an house full cram'd,
 Would know — but dreads the LIBERTINE is damn'd.
 Biting his nails, a pensive figure, talk'd
 Of ROSCIADS, NAIADS, 'POLOGIES — then walk'd:
 What could this be so very mad and rare;
 But at a nearer ken — the young VOLTAIRE —
 Nothing delighted but the Hero's stile,
 So made her exit with the DESART ISLE.
 But in the crowd the Muses Midwife lost;
 So in a Pet, o'er RUSSEL-STREET the crost;
 And scud'd back to the PIAZZA hall:
 (By MACKLIN first intended for a ball)
 Large there the furniture, the guests but small;
 But what there were, seem'd the ST. GILES's race,
 In bob-wigs some, and some in MONMOUTH lace;
 These Sons too apish for my Muse's Pen,
 She left their GUILDHALL, for the Widow's den;
 (What is, is dull, no spirit for just Satyr,
 Unless it's wit the echo's of a waiter.)
 But why she likes her low'ring roof, to say,
 Is hard — unless like Owls she hates the day;
 For all must own, who do frequent that place,
 There's scarcely light, to show a brilliant lace,

Alas!

*Jackson - the name of Macklin's character in a bad play
 written by himself called the married Libertine.*

Alas! the Widow's eyes ~~has~~ ^{have} lost their fire: ~~—~~
 But say, why woult she raise her Mansion higher?
 Unto the hand of time submit we must,
 And WALGRAVE — like the Widow, must be dust.
 Surely all Poets like not gloomy scenes,
 For most their lays are flowers, and purling streams;
 Whether fatigue here stay'd the Muse's feet,
 She'll not confess, but here she took her seat;
 And with her pencil these mementos drew,
 The Widow seated fully in her view,
 Dress'd in a decent, yet becoming woe,
 Snarling at Will — or snuffing with a Beau.
 But she, good Lady, had not time to say,
 The pains her toes endure a winter's day,
 Till some rude Youth, in boisterous accent hails!
 Widow some Coffee, ~~—~~ d — n your toes and nails.
~~She with her usual softness, — to few —~~
 "Said I'm not deaf — perhaps it's so with you."

THE next who came a pretty contrast made,
 A fine spun Youth, most tuliply array'd,
 From noble blood — the Beau I'm sure must spring,
~~Man, Cit, Ruttick~~ never got the THING. ~~—~~
 Hair most cobwebby, inexpressly neat,
 No Park bought possegay half so fine or sweet;
 Legs, O ye Fair, would really charm ye all,
 Compleatly modish, shapeless, long, and small;
 But when he mov'd a pretty mincing pace,
 Added to all the rest, the loveliest grace;

He

He spoke, but oft' before it reach'd the ear,
Two monosyllables were lost in air.

"Wadow — a jelly warm — ~~its~~ monstrous chill, *1/2 is*

"I've really walk'd — but find ~~me~~ *my* ill, *h*

"I caint conceive how I abroad could stare

"Without my flannels, Muff, Surtout, or chair:

"The Widow heard, but mutter'd with a groan,

"Such Things as you had better kept at home. *1 keep*

I've seen a Youth, (but whether this or no

I'll not assert, — but was in fact a beau.)

Breakfast being o'er, his hands more soft than silk,

Lave with a cambrick handkercher in milk,

I'll grant you leave, from this to ISPAHAN,

To find a thing more trivial if you can,

Much less than Woman, in the shape of Man.

News of the day she having just ~~run~~ *seen* o'er, *whim'd*

She Paus'd on ~~some~~ *some* politicks a little more,

When lo! the door a solemn opening made,

And in his plad struts in an HIGHLAND blade;

Suppose no plad! — the leer the *mon* betray'd.

'Tis really strange, but yet like ~~Jews~~ *Jews*, this race

Bear all the map of SCOTLAND in the face. *subtle*

ON metoposcopy reflecting, till

The door burst open with the echo — WILL!

"A dram Boy, give me, for I'm plaguey queer,

"And is the mail from IRELAND my dear?

"For one dear letter on this self same day,

"I'd give, do you see my foul! a full month's pay.

(8)

One left his chair, and to the Widow's ear
Stole up to know, who was that *very dear* —
When she abruptly answer'd in an huff,
“ *An IRISH GAMBLER, and took her snuff.*”

The Widow then a little while withdrew,
For things more decent out of public view,
When *up* in red, and fac'd with blue, a Smart
Props in the bar, to play the Widow's part;
Shadows in all, you'll find have shadows too,
And Monkeys mimick Monkeys out of view.

Here as on Guard as trivial they appear,
Equally trivial, from the Van to Rear,
The power they have, they show it for the worse,
Stopping a Beggar's bundle, or an Horse;
FISHER, or HERMITAGE, they'll grant a pass,

Deny a Brother, as they would an Afs;
I always studied to oblige the CORPS,

In point of duty, and in point of Whore,
Now shall my study and my duty be,
To thwart their wishes, as they've thwarted me.

Near on the right, now rose a great dispute,
ON—w, want GR—LE, HOL—SE, want B—TE;
Quick turn'd my Muse, and found them vet'ran Stagers
Twisting the Court, in full *forbidding* majors.

One kindly whisper'd, — with a friendly smile,
“ God waft our Heroes safe from hard BELLISSE.
“ Zounds, bawls the next, Sir — would you them have quit
“ Their ground — while there remains a foe to spit.
A third reply'd, and with a generous grace,
“ Think on the Worthies butcher'd in that place.”

“ Grant

plain

where;

forbidden.

" Grant them, ye Gods ! this siege with glory o'er,
 " And ev'ry merit, give to every CORPS.
 " Don't let our wounded Heroes want their bread,
 " And stifle all merit, that appear in red :
 " Nor O ! ye BRITONS, once forget the wounds,
 " Your Children got, extending of your bounds ;
 " Think how they bled to raise BRITANNIA'S name,
 " And fell in Legions, to support her FAME.
 " ~~And thou great LEGISLATOR hear the words~~
 " ~~Of him, who long solicited thy Lords,~~
 " ~~And generous MONARCH now at once suppress~~
 " ~~The vulgar theme of every City press ;~~
 " ~~To Nobles give, whate'er their Virtue gives,~~
 " ~~But more to MERIT, than the meanest deserves ;~~
 " Banish Dame Interest, venal, dirty Whore,
 " And give to Merit, MERIT'S due, or more,
 " Thee, glorious PRINCE, whom ev'ry Virtue warms,
 " Whose parent conduct, ev'ry BRITON charms ;
 " ~~Whose greatest study, is his KINGDOM'S safe,~~
 " ~~And ever happy in the power to please ;~~
 " ~~In Counsel learned, meek in regal state,~~
 " ~~To pardon hasty, and to punish late~~
 " Give MERIT rank, in INDIVIDUALS too,
 " Reward the red Coat, nor forget the blue.
 " But this is sad — to see a virtuous Youth,
 " The Son of GLORY, LIBERTY, and TRUTH,
 " Purchase his rank, perhaps with all his store,
 " Then waft him hence to distant INDIA'S shore ;
 " There let him fight till cover'd o'er with scars,
 " An individual in your GALLIC wars,

" Return unknown, neglected let him lay,
 " And starve, forgotten, on his poor half pay.

Just now the post deliver'd at the bar,
 His anxious parcels from the Seats of War,
 And held the converse of this good old man,
 Who drew his subject from a virtuous plan.
 " A mail from GERMANY squeaks out a Sage,
 " Well! does the PRINCE the MARSHAL yet engage?
 " A grand stagnation seems in our affairs,
 " To strike a blow, is more than BROGLIO dares:
 " How so! cries one, in flesh prodigious big,
 (A DOCTOR by th'imminity of wig)
 " Think on his numbers, don't contemn a foe,
 " Who at this Juncture's five to one, I know.
 Words soon grew high — my Muse had little fears,
 When Physic, Law, and War, were by the ears,
 " All talk'd together, equally all big,
 From the rose bag to the full bottom'd wig,
 The din still rose, the Widow left her bar,
 And swell'd with fury join'd the clam'rous war.
 With an intent this tumult to appease,
 And with her Chocolate sons establish Peace;
 But all in vain — till in a Navy Blade
 Enter'd, whose sunny phiz declar'd his trade.
 Though few come here, unless they wish to pass
 For Soldiers — and in all affect the ass:
 Despise the blue, the red coat to assume,
 While CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN, echoes round the room

Big

Cell:

How ~~HODGSON~~ ^{How} ~~victorious, PALLAIS, PALLAIS's fall~~ ^{victorious, PALLAIS, PALLAIS's fall} ~~The~~ ^{conquish'd, & how Bellisle,}
 This ~~theme~~ ^{theme} soon chang'd, joy smil'd in every face,

And a new lustre glar'd on ev'ry lace.

So great, so sudden, were the news to all,
 Together, Widow, Will—Will, Widow bawl,
 For Coffee, Punch, Tea, Doctors, Capillaire,
 To drink brave HODGSON, Widow do you hear?

Nay some, so absent in their honest joy,
 In Coffee toasted round the BRITISH boy.

Behold! how soon evaporates all this,
 In silence first, succeeded with an hiss:

When a gay *Aid de Camp* declaring stood,

" PALLAIS was FRENCH — but yet this news were good,

" But all was yet in sacred silence seal'd,

" Till the *Gazette*, thro' ~~PITT~~ the whole reveal'd.

Now in suspense this gaping Room was left,

Yet not of ev'ry ray of hope bereft;

Those then who could, their seats again assum'd,

And their grave noses o'er their Coffee fum'd.

When in creeps *Lynch* with bow, and solemn air,

This coat Stuff'd full off books his coat, his face with care:

Addressing first your *Honour* with a grin,

To feel your pulse, and how you like the *Sin*.

Sometimes in haste an Hermit he'll surprize,

And lewdness cram into his ~~virgin~~ eyes. *holy*

" Here's the CHURCHILLIAD, Sir, at last abroad!

" And 'Squire MURPHY'S NAIAD Fleet-ditch ODE.

" CHURCHILLIAD *Lynch*, — you surely must be wrong,

" O! let me chant the smooth Parnassian song!

" It's

" It's prose for *footh* — in rhyme it first was writ,
 " But so inferior to the *Roscian* wit,
 " That quite incens'd the Sons of *DRURY* rose,
 " And chang'd harsh jargon, into venal prose;
 " I bought it — read it, and condemn'd it too,
 Not for it's merits, or it's being new. —
 The nut-brown *NAIADS* of the *fable flood*,
 Are not more bless'd with mire, than he with mud;
 It's been a School-boy's role for ages long,
 That *CLOACINA* help'd the Poet's song.
 But since the smell, has no effect on you,
 Who knows what wonders eating it may do?
 A fair angelick Sister of the *NINE*,
 Read thy *SEWER ODE* before she went to dine;
 But at the table, with a female's will,
 Declar'd the various filth had made her ill. —
 Youth *Lynch's* pamphlets eagerly embrace,
 And always buy when frontispieces grace:
 But if you want fair *Edda* and her Swan,
 Or the *Cascade* and *Angler*, he's the Man,
 Or for your watch some wanton piece of joy,
 None can supply you like the *Naked Boy*.
 To him succeeded a red foggy Dame,
 With smuggl'd baubles for the *BEAUX* of fame,
 Who in your hands will ruffles, stockings thrust,
 " Take them your Honour — for you know I trust.
 Sometimes about a ghastly figure — *purs*,
 " Garters your Honour — buy a pair of spurs?

MY CLIO now on impositions mus'd,
 Till by the noisy physick QUORUM rous'd,
 Who in debate again were closely set,
 Paying with head and fist, the ~~national~~ debt, *Kingdom's*
 Finding these MEDICI the tongue assume,
I sought ~~Stole to that~~ *father* ~~spacious~~ corner of the Room;
 Where a fring'd Curtain in theatrick taste,
 Excepting twice a-day is neatly trac'd;
 Once when the Widow quits the mob to dine,
 Then drops, this duty fable red ENSIGN.
 Or if some ROMEO's at his JULIET sad, *with*
 Then it divides, the gloomy, from the mad.
 Here by two Youths, she calmly sat her down,
 Who'd dearly purchas'd with their limbs, renown.
 One, with a sigh pathetically said,
 As pensive o'er the daily news he read,
 " The brave, the laurell'd, great Lord DOWNE is dead.
 " Reflect unhappy Brother Suff'rer now,
 " What glories living, wreath'd his honour'd brow;
 " And yet with all his virtuous generous deeds,
 " Like a plebeian, view the HERO bleeds!
 " Can we repine, unhappy wounded friend?
 " When BRITISH Nobles quicker deaths attend!
 " At MINDEN had I tenfold tortures known,
 " Smiling I'd bore them, to have sav'd my DOWNE:
 " But fate ordain'd, and lo! the bullet sped?
 " Behold! the HERO with the mighty dead.
 " By the same hand thus Kings and Beggars fall;
 " Yet still it's glorious bleeding on a Gaul.

THUS

Roman

Thus like a second Mucius, ~~Corvus~~ spoke,
 A British plant, sprung from a British Oak:
 Th'attempt was great to stab the CLUSIAN Chief,
 And what he bore, e'en staggers out belief;
 Yet tell those Shades, the bravest ROMANS gone,
 BRITAIN like ROME has Sons as brave at home,
 Behold the THEBAN † with his bearded spear—
 Nay, his last martial declaration hear.
 Though MANTINEA deathless made his fame,
 Yet on his plan, WOLF rais'd a greater name;
 ROME's, ATHENS's, SPARTA's, MACEDONIA's men
 Were brave—but BRITONS are as brave as them—
 Weep o'er that scene, where QUEBEC's Hero lies,
 Lo! bleeding DOWN between two Soldiers dies;
 To save their Isle, from rapine, war, and lust,
 They fell unnumber'd with the brave, and just.

BRITONS, for shame, let publick spirit warm
 Your souls, to cherish him who lost his arm,
 Or if a leg—th'unhappier is his lot;
 But never let his service be forgot;
 Study to make them happy in these days,
 And bind their brows with never fading bays.
 Small are the premiums in these rigid times
 For wounded Heroes, and for Poets rhymes;
 Such partial favour in preferments seen,
 At least where my hard fortune's ever been,

 † EPAMINONDAS.

* Mucius Scaevola — who thrust his hand into a red hot fire, That
 to show Portenna how cheap a Roman he'd pain.

That on my word, surpriz'd I should be not,
 If from the *Cross* CHARLES o'er the *Bridge* should trot:
 For without *Interest*, *Merit* ever may
 Knock at my LORD's — the Porter give his pay,
 Are not these things though shocking to the ear?
 Especially friend, when from a BRITISH PEER.
 Look some days back — when a few GALLIC boats,
 Must cross the CHANNEL to cut all our throats.
 Where are our Soldiers? where our Sailors lay?
 Will they desert us, in the needful day?
 At once there's nought so great as *City* fear,
 A *Cow* on 'CHANGE an *Earthquake* may appear.

BUT above all, ye! sympathetic FAIR,
 Make them the objects of your love, and care,
 Reflect like SPARTAN Virgins, (if you can;
 They bled for you, which makes them more than Man:
 To every Hero yield your Virgin charms,
 Grant them the circling of your snowy arms;
 And from your lips this maxim let 'em know,
 That you'll be kind, if they will beat the foe. —
 Such deeds as these will raise your Sexes fame,
 And make you greater than the ROMAN name.
 Inspire our Youth with courage more than man,
 And conquer BROGLIO on a female plan;
 With joy the Vet'rans may the papers con,
 And hand the deeds from father down to son,
 Crowd to the Widows, quaff their doctors down,
 And every *Christmas* spare poor WILL a crown. —

D

My

My Muse requests — against that sorry day,
 Not to desert her, on pacifick pay.
 Although it's dear, whole three pence for a dist,
 Yet for that money, Sir, what would you wish.
 All she can say — and Widow hear her prayers,
 Before thy dark tribunal she declares,
 What she can give, is, when thou'rt dead some rhymes,
 But will not bilk thee at the worst of times.
 " Though with thy Kings, thou does not blend thy dust,
 " Yet shalt thou have a monumental Bust,
 " And those who've drank thy Coffee, raise their eyes,
 " Then strike their breasts — read — *Here the Widow lies.*
 " Who in her life her blessings never spar'd,
 " But equal all her tongue and coffee shar'd,
 " Sprung from the loins of ADAM and of EVE,
 " And older too, if *Heralds* you'll believe.
 Say, can the mighty BL ~~—~~ EV higher soar?
Yes; — But when exalted at an alehouse door.

LONG may she live, the subject of my page,
 And GEORGE and GEORGES see the golden age.

~~F I N I S~~

~~E R R A T U M.~~

Instead of MACDUGGLIS — read M^r DUGGLE's.